

SMOKEHEADS

**NEVER PRICK MY
PICKLES!**





ALAIN ZAHNO
BASS GUITAR



PHILIPPE BRARDA
DRUMS & BACKING VOCALS



DAVID CARMONA
GUITAR

DAVID ZAMORA
LEAD VOCAL & GUITAR



IN BETWEEN

When the lights turns on
I don't realize that
I am paralyzed
No one's around me
No hierarchy, no penny
Face to face with that color
Taken away far
From all that shit

'Don't want to stay here
Let me get out of here
'Don't want a comeback
'Don't want the pain and the dark
To avoid the night
To avoid the day
'Don't want a comeback
'Don't want the pain and the dark

The light's talking to you
Like to a son
No sense, no weigh, no rivalry
Life's behind you
She's calling you
If only I could remain
In that state
Blinded by the eternity
I can hear the silence
Of a tender voice

'Don't want to stay here
Let me get out of here
'Don't want a comeback
'Don't want the pain and the dark
To avoid the night
To avoid the day
'Don't want a comeback
'Don't want the pain and the dark

I saw this face somewhere
This space in the air
I was not made aware
I could meet you there
Could touch your body
And hear your breath
So close to me
Take my hand
And pull me out
Take my hand

NOTHING IS RANDOM

In the right place, at the right time
Things must happen as well
We do not even realize
Sometimes it's like that

Mysterious universe
When everything is aligned
Am I handler of my fate ?
Is everything written ?

In the right place
At the right time
It is not at all
Like a turn around
Do we have the choice to control our life
Unexpected planned moment

When I fall it looks like an accident
A happy fall
Unexpected moment
Everything was planned nothing is random
And I feel all was made to make me alone
Everything was planned nothing is random

Do we really have the choice ?
An illusion of our life
Or someone is playing with us
Like puppets without conscience

In the right place
At the right time
It is not at all
Like a turn around
Do we have the choice to control our life
Unexpected planned moment

When I fall it looks like an accident
A happy fall
Unexpected moment
Everything was planned nothing is random
And I feel all was made to make me alone
Everything was planned nothing is random

ONE MILLION WAYS

*I don't know why and it does not matter,
I kept that in mind and did not spread over
that at the end of the day I cried. At first
it was unreal but after all I wasted my time
and watched you go. I kept everything
inside, so now the memory remains
but the life's calling me and I accept
the outstretched hand I see.*

Anytime you think I'm lost
You need to figure out who I am
No pain, no loss, no tears
I'm far away from giving up

Caus' there are
One million ways turn the light on
One million ways that's another day
One million ways go beyond the chains
One million ways turn the light on

Anyway, anyhow, it was not easy to carry on
All bad moments are behind
The light over there is on

Caus' there are
One million ways turn the light on
One million ways that's another day
One million ways go beyond the chains
One million ways turn the light on

No doubt for me
Best way is here
What you've done is great
On the stage again, ready to live
I can breathe again
Dark throne is mine
I can feel it good, can still drink blood

And I breath again
Got rid of all that chains
On the stage again
Don't feel the pain anymore
I am a man who pushes the door

HATE AND LOVE

Heavy silence
You look away
I feel the hate in you
You want me to disappear

'Reasons are always the same
Restore the truth
Is love only going in one direction?

Hate and love
Two feelings so close
Cohabitation is tough
You want me to disappear

'Reasons are always the same
Restore the truth
Is love only going in one direction?

There is no longer any excuse
The limit is exceeded
No possible return
Hate above all

'Reasons are always the same
Restore the truth
Is love only going in one direction?

Broken dialogue
You don't want to understand
Each other anymore



**PRODUCTION AND RECORDING SMOKEHEADS
MIXING AND MASTERING ROB CARSON AT CARSONIAN SOUND SOLUTION
ART DIRECTION AND PHOTOGRAPHY YANNICK VOLLET**

**SPECIAL THANKS TO
OUR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS FOR THEIR SUPPORT, THE ZIKOLOKOS TEAM
AND THE GENIUS WHO INVENTED THE PICKLES.**





SMOKEHEADS

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**WORM
HOLE
DEATH**